

THE LYNX.

Printed and published every SATURDAY at THREE DOLLARS in advance.
Advertisements inserted for one dollar per square (of ten lines or less,) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.
Advertisements of a personal nature will invariably be charged double price of ordinary advertisements.

YEARLY ADVERTISING.—A deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year to a sufficient amount to make it for the interest of merchants and others.

Advertisements out of the direct line of business of the yearly advertiser will be charged for separately at the ordinary rates.

Professional cards, not otherwise for the year, containing ten lines or less, one dollar.

The names of candidates for county offices will be inserted for five dollars, payment always in advance, and State offices ten dollars.

Election tickets will never be delivered till paid for.

Political circulars or communications of any individual interest, will be charged at half price of ordinary advertisements and must be paid in advance.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be continued till forbid, and any alterations made after insertion charged extra.

Advertising patrons will favor us by handing in their advertisements as early after our regular publication days as convenient—not later in any case if possible, than Thursday night.

All JOB-WORK must be paid for on delivery.

Postage must be paid on all letters, or they will not be attended to.

Mail Arrangements.

The Mail from Memphis arrives on Tuesday at 12 o'clock, and departs for Memphis at 1 o'clock the same day.

The Mail from Oxford arrives on Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, and departs Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock.

The Mail from Carrollton arrives Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, and departs on Monday morning at 5 o'clock.

The Mail for Carrollton closes on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

The Mail for Oxford closes on Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

The Mail for Memphis closes on Tuesday at 12 o'clock noon.

FOR BEHOLD THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU.

By H. W. PORTLAND.

Pilgrim to the heavenly city,
Groping wildly on thy way;
Look not to the outward landmark,
List not what the blind guides say.

For long years thou hast been seeking,
Some new idol found each day;
All that dazzled, all that glittered,
Lured thee from the path away.

On the outward world relying,
Earthly treasures thou wouldst heap;
Tried friends and lofty honors
Lull thy higher hopes to sleep.

Thou art stored with worldly wisdom,
All the lore of books is thine;
And within thy stately mansion,
Brightly sparkle wit and wine.

Richly drape the silken curtains,
Round those high and mirrored halls;
And on mossy Persian carpets
Silently thy proud steps fall.

Not the gentle winds of heaven
Dares too roughly fan thy brow;
Nor the morning's blessed sunbeams
Tinge thy cheek with rosy glow.

Yet midst all these outward riches,
Has thy heart no void content—
Whispering, though each wish be granted,
Still, oh still I am not blessed!

And when happy, careless children,
Lured by their winning ways,
Thou hast sighed in vain contrition,
Give me back those golden days.

Hast thou stooped to learn their lesson—
Truthful preachers—they had told
Thou thy kingdom hadst forsaken,
Thou hast thy own birdlings sold.

Thou art heir to vast possessions,
Up and bodily claim thine own;
Seize the crown that waits thy wearing,
Leap at once into thy throne.

Look not to some cloudy mansion,
Among the planets far away;
Trust not to the distant future,
Let thy heaven begin to-day.

When thy struggling soul hath conquered,
When the path lies fair and clear,
When thou art prepared for heaven,
Thou wilt find that heaven is here.

PILGRIM ANNIVERSARY.

Yesterday was celebrated as the votive day of the Descendants of the Pilgrims. More than two centuries have elapsed since this Puritan Band settled in New England. Small as they were in numbers, and limited in resources, they yet had power enough to plant freedom on our soil as enduring as its foundations. A rock in the wilderness was their first resting place; the valley and hill were their temple; but braved perils of sea and land to escape an iron bondage and establish themselves in a pure religious liberty. They did both. Meet it, then, that on this anniversary day their sons and daughters should gather together, and do honor to the men and women.

Who to life's noblest end
Gave up life's noblest powers,
And bade his legacy descend,
Down, down to us and ours.

And joyously was the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, celebrated in our city yesterday. The men of New England, felt, and showed, too, that they felt, that glow of pride and enthusiasm which lights up the soul when commemorating the good deeds of great men. The Puritans sleep. But their stern defense of right—their deep faith—their love of freedom, their devotion to God—their high inbred determination to elevate man—these virtues, and the spirit they breathed, still lives, and proclaims to us, and to all. No stranger can come to this temple, without reverencing

The Lynx.

By Keith & Rockett.

Devoted to News, Politics, Commerce, Agriculture, &c.

Three Dollars in advance.

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY."

VOL. 1.

PANOLA, MI., SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1845.

NO. 2.

know the puritans who from their youth upwards, are familiar with all they did and dared—all that they suffered and accomplished? Never as the poet says or sings, can they

While liberty shall find a tongue,
and least of all, by those who are of their blood.

The services in the Church were most imposing. The opening ode was no less appropriate than exciting. It gave as it were, a glimpse of the Pilgrim band as they came o'er the dark rolling sea, and as they stood forth afterwards, all perils past, a beacon-light hung amid the records of men; and prepared each listener to twine

—a wreath for them
None dearer than the dindom.

Doctor Lyman Beecher then offered a solemn prayer to the God of our fathers. And then the fine heroic song of Mrs. Remens! How, as Duffield poured it forth, did the blood quicken, and enthusiasm thrill. We felt, as he utters in clear articulation and with manful harmony its noble sentiments, as if every man and woman would involuntarily catch up the last strain, and echo back its breathing words, as the thought of all who knew New England, or the history of its early settlement.

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod—
They have left unstained what there they trod—
Freedom to worship God!

The selection from the scripture was made by the Rev. J. Cleaveland, and it was wisely and happily done. Another ode, and then the anniversary address by the Rev. J. H. Perkins was delivered. This subject was the character of the Pilgrims. Of this address we shall say nothing, as we learn a copy will be asked for publication. When Mr. Perkins had concluded, the following hymn to the tune of Old Hundred, was sung by the whole audience.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Jehovah's Arm prepared the road;
The heathen vanished at his nod;
He gave His vine a lasting root;
He leads His godly boughts with fruit.

Now peace and truth the glad some ray,
Smiles in our skies and cheers the day;
Vand a new Embury's splendid wheels,
Roll o'er the tops of western hills.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Ours was the land you sought to free,
'Twill find us bending o'er your urns.

Miss, said I, I have been at some fine parties in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Liverpool, but this is carrying the joke a little beyond any thing I have before seen; I am afraid I may go wrong, as I am something like the old woman in Scotland who went to dine with the minister; so if I blunder, you must help me along.

To this she readily consented. But what of the old lady in Scotland? said she.

I have heard my father, I replied relate the story, some fifty years ago. It happened in the parish where he lived.

She was much surprised, to hear that he, my father, then lived in his ninety-first year.

On a certain market day I continued, Margaret, the wife of a neighbor farmer, in addition to her load of hens, geese, &c., brought a small basket of eggs as a present to the minister. Having sold off her load of sundries, she wended her way to the parsonage. After inquiring how he, the wife, and the bairns did she says:

I have brought ye two or three fresh eggs, for the guide wife to help in making her yowl bannock. (Christmas cakes.)

The eggs were kindly received, and it being dinner hour, she was invited to stop and take her kail, (soup.)

Nay, nay, says Margaret I dinna ken ku to behave at great folks tables.

Oh, never mind said the Minister, just do as ye see we do.

Margaret was finally persuaded and sat down at the dinner table. It so happened that the minister was old and well stricken with age, and had besides, received a stroke of the palsy. In conveying the spoon from the dish to his lips, the arm being unsteady, the soup was apt to spill; therefore to prevent damage from befalling his clothes, it was his custom to fasten one end of the table cloth to the top of his waistcoat, just under the chin. Margaret, who had sat at the opposite corner of the table watching his motions, pinned the other end of the table cloth to her home-spun shawl, under her chin. She was attentive to every move. The minister deposited a quantity of mustard on the edge of his plate, and Margaret not observing this fugal exactly, carried the spoon to her mouth. The mustard soon began to operate on the olfactory nerves. She had never seen mustard before, and did not know what it meant. She thought she was bewitched. To expectorate on the carpet would be a sin. She was almost crazy with pain. Just at this moment, the girl coming in with some clean plates, opened the door near which Margaret sat. Margaret at once sprang for the door, upset the poor girl, plates and all, and swept the table of all its contents the crash of which added speed to her flight. Making two steps at once in descending the stairs, the minister being first at the other end of the table cloth was compelled to follow as fast as his tottering limbs could move. He held on fast to the bannisters until the pins were torn away, when off flew Margaret, who never again darkened the minister's door.

Amusements.

It were unjust and ungrateful to conceive that the amusements of life are altogether forbidden by its beneficent author. They serve, on the contrary important purposes in the economy of life, and are destined to produce important effects both upon our happiness and character. They are "the wells of desert;" the kind resting places in which toil may relax, in which the weary spirit may recover its tone, and when the desponding mind, may reassume its strength and its hopes. They are in another view, of some importance to the dignity of individual character. In every thing we call amusement there is generally some display of taste and of imagination; some elevation of the mind from mere annual indulgence, or the baseness of sensual desire. Even in the scenes of relaxation, therefore, they have a tendency to preserve the dignity of human character, and to fill up the vacant and unguarded hours of life with occupations, innocent at least, if not virtuous. But their principal effect perhaps is upon the social character of man. Whenever amusement is sought, is in the society of our brethren: and whenever it is found, it is in our sym-

pathy with the happiness of those around us. It bespeaks the disposition of benevolence and it creates it. When men assemble, accordingly, for the purpose of general happiness, or joy they exhibit to the thoughtful eye one of the most pleasing appearances of their original character. They leave behind them for a time, the faults of their station and the asperities of their temper; they forget the secret views and the selfish purposes of their ordinary life, and mingle with the crowd around them with no other view than to receive and communicate happiness. It is a spectacle which it is impossible to observe without emotion; and while the virtuous man rejoices at that evidence which it affords of the benevolent constitution of his nature, the pious man is apt to bless the benevolence of that God who thus makes the wilderness and the solitary place be glad, and whose wisdom renders even the hours of amusement subservient to the cause of virtue. It is not, therefore, the use of the innocent amusements of life which is dangerous, but the abuse of them; it is not when they are occasionally, but when they are constantly pursued; when the love of amusement degenerates into a passion; and when from being an occasional indulgence, it becomes a habitual desire.—Alison.

HOW TO DIE AN EASY DEATH

A great many essays have been written on the easiest mode of bringing to an end this animal life of ours. One is in favor of hanging, another of drowning, and a third thinks a bullet through the heart will produce the least suffering. But we have an easier road to death than either. Although the object may not be so soon accomplished, still it is as effectual, for thousands have tried it. We will give you the receipt: Take several strong cords, fasten them around the waist as tight as you can bear it, and let them remain a day or two. Gradually tighten the cords; persevere until your body has the appearance of an hour glass. Your health will gradually decline; you will feel faint and languid, cannot endure work, and will probably have the dyspepsia, liver complaint, and be exceedingly troubled with nervousness. No matter; the work of death will be gradually going on, and before many months consumption will be seated, and you will die so easy a death, that your parting breath will be hardly perceptible. If however you wish to commit suicide in a shorter time, wear thin shoes and muslin dresses in cold and damp weather. We have never known this receipt to fail, and it has been tried in a thousand instances.—Portland Tribune.

Legal absurdities.—Maj. Noah thus "shows up" the absurdities of some of our legal technicalities:

"Why cannot we simplify the language of the law—why not banish its old black letter Vandalism? Sir I give you this orange, and I do give it—should not that declaration and transfer be deemed an absolute conveyance?—Yet to make it perfectly legal it should run thus:

"I give you all and singular my estate and interests, right, title and claim and advantage of and in that orange, with the rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, to bite cut, suck or otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I, said A. B., am now entitled to bite, cut, suck, or eat the said orange or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, any thing heretofore or hereinafter, or in other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of whatever nature or kind soever, to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding"—with much more of the same effect.—Neal's Gazette.

Some years ago Roger Sherman and Perry Smith of Connecticut, were opposed to each other as advocates in an important case before a court of justice.

Smith opened the case with a violent and foolish tirade against Sherman's political character. Sherman rose, and very composedly remarked—"I shall not discuss politics with Mr Smith before this court, but I am perfectly willing to argue questions of law, to chop logic, or even to split hairs with him."

"Split that, then," said Smith, at the same time pulling a short, rough-look-

ing hair from his own head, and handing it over towards Sherman.

"May it please the honorable Court," retorted Sherman, "I did not say bristles."

"Touch us gently, Time."

By Barry Cornwall.

This beautiful prayer must have been breathed by Barry Cornwall's heart, while sitting at his quiet fireside, looking to the face of his sweet wife, and rocking the cradle of his "golden tressed" Adelaide.—ib.

Touch us gently, Time:
Let us glide down thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!

Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three:
One is lost—an angel fled
To the azure overhead!

Touch us gently, Time:
We've not proud nor soaring wings
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in little things.

Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm cove:
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

The Mind and the body.

Few know the demands made the imagination on those who are at once its masters and its victims. Its exercise is so feverish and so exciting; the cheek burns, the pulse beats aloud, the whole frame trembles with eagerness during the progress of composition. For the time you are what you create. The exhaustion of this process is not felt till some other species of exertion makes its demand on the already overwrought frame; the overstrained nerves begin to discover that they have been wound to the utmost. There is no strength left to bear life's other emotions.

Moreover, there is a time when every writer asks himself, has he not followed the shadow, not the substance! that his noblest hopes, his most earnest aspirations, have been given those who know not what the gift shall cost.

Fame seems afar off, and cold sunshine; and the eager readiness of thought, which formed in the slightest thing matter for some graceful fancy, which at once sprang into music, seems cold and dead within us.

There are times when the poet marvels how he ever wrote, and feels as if he never could write again. Alas! it is this world's worst curse, that the body predominates over the mind.

A bit of pleasantness—"My dear sir, I have bad news of our mutual friend Smith, who bears a reputation for piety and every thing that is good."

"Have you?"

"I have, indeed."

"What has he been doing?—robbing the poor's box?—or filing a bill in bankruptcy?"

"No, no, no, no."

"Worse!"

"Yes, he's been beating his wife."

"The wretch! When, how?"

"Last night, he beat her at backgammon!"—Noah's Messenger.

On Miss Anne Bread.

"Thrust any girl but her," said Ned,
"With every other flutter;
I'll be contented with Anna Bread,
And won't have any but her."

One day a master took one of his slaves to task for a violation of duty.—During the flogging, he besought his master to stop one minute—"lay by de whip one little moment—do please!" "What do you want," demanded he. The negro very piously raised his eyes and hands to heaven and devoutly said, "Let us look to the Lord and be dismissed."

FOURTH OF JULY.

Commander M. Perry, of the Macedonian, has written a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, dated July 4th, 1844, at sea, lat, 00 deg. 00 min., long. 00 deg. 00 min. He fired 26 guns on the equator a little after noon on that day; and then ran due west until he reached the spot where the meridian of Greenwich intersects the equator, when he fired thirteen guns more. The Commodore states, that during his cruise his ship has passed over the very spot where she was captured from the British, by Commodore Decatur, thirty two years ago.

Concealed Weapons.—A boy, who had his fists in his pockets, was accosted by his master in the following manner:

"Hollo, boy, take those fists out of your pockets; it's against the law to carry concealed weapons in this state."

Rumors of War.—War by the United States is becoming a familiar idea.—The greatest of all moral evils is presented to the public mind as not only a possible, but a probable sequence of the impetuous, selfish, and unwarrantable course of the Federal Government.—We are to rush into a war, at the bidding of an accidental President, for the special interests of a political cabal, and a company of pecuniary speculators.

We are to insult a weak neighbor, bully a friendly Power, drive a well-disposed ally into a hostile position; and all this with peculiar professions of peace-loving and humanity, on the lips of the man who stands in the attitude of the nations chief representative. Would to Heaven that the men who talk so glibly of war, could be impressed the first into the service, with the first note of preparation! Would that they could be arrayed in the front ranks to receive the first onset of the enemy—to fall the first victims to the barbarous appeal to arms, which the teachings of Christianity, the experience of the world, and the spirit of the age hold in abhorrence!—

Would that the severance from home and kindred, the privations of the camp the hardships of the march, the anguish of wounds, the terrors of death, might be theirs, if any one's! Justice could she always prevail, would make the men who urge a resort to carnage and rapine, to secure the aims of national or personal avarice or ambition, the first to feel the pangs which they invoke on others. War! Do we count its cost its pains, its horrors, its atrocity, when we tolerate the suggestion of such a calamity?—North American.

A Question without an Answer

A kind of rustic worthies were convened around the fire in a village tavern. The blacksmith, the barber, the constable, and the schoolmaster were there. After they had guzzled and smoked to their heart's content, and when all the current topics of the day had been exhausted, the schoolmaster proposed a new kind of game, to relieve the monotony of the evening. Each one was to propose a puzzle to his neighbors, and whoever should propose a question which he himself could not solve, was to pay the reckoning for the whole. The idea pleased; and the schoolmaster, by virtue of his station called on Dick Dolt, whom most folks thought a fool, and a few knew for a knave to put the first question. Neighbors said Dick, drawing, and looking ineffectually stupid, "you've seen where squirrels dig their holes: can any of you tell why they don't throw out any dirt? This was a poser; and after long cogitation, even the master, was obliged to give it up. It now devolved upon Dick to explain. The reason is, said Dick; that the first begin at the bottom of the hole. Stop, stop, cried the pedagogue, startled out of all his prudence and propriety, by so monstrous an assertion, pray how does the squirrel get there?—Ah master, replied the delighted Dick, grinning, that's the question of your own wise asking. You're in for the liquor.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT.

This seems to us to be more fit heading than the usual one of "the United States and Mexico" for a notice of the Message which the President of the United States yesterday transmitted to both Houses of Congress; for, certainly, if ever there was a case in which the Executive of the United States was acting with perfect independence of popular sentiment and popular feeling, it is in the manner as well as the matter of its late proceedings towards the Government of Mexico. There is, in fact so far as the independent press of the country affords any indication of it, but one opinion, and that opinion is decisively against the late action of the Government upon the subject.

As long ago as Friday last a rumor prevailed through this city that a War Message was to be forthwith sent to Congress by the president. Neither House being in session on Saturday rumor postponed the dire explosion of Presidential wrath until Monday. On Monday it seemed to be generally understood that a Message of some sort was to be sent in on Tuesday at furthest, in connection with the despatches known to have been brought here by Mr. Greeley, the United States Secretary of Legation to Mexico. The Message was not sent in however, until yesterday.

In each House the reading of the Message was heard in the midst of profound silence, on the part of the Members; and, by both Houses, without